

"BLAKE'S SEVEN"

'Orac'

by

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SUPOSE CAM

Main
Titles
Sequence:

Series
and
Episode
Titles:
Credits:

TELECINE 1 (M)

Ext. Liberator in Flight.
Night.

ESTABLISH Liberator in
flight.

1. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(JENNA IS AT THE
CONTROLS. SHE
APPEARS TO HAVE
DIFFICULTY IN
STAYING AWAKE.
HER BROW IS BEADED
WITH PERSPIRATION.
SHE SHAKES HER
HEAD TO ROUSE
HERSELF AND
CONTINUES WITH
HER JOB DOGGEDLY.

AT SOME OTHER
TASK ON THE DECK
IS VILA. HE TOO
IS SUFFERING
SOME DISCOMFORT.

AVON IS AT ANOTHER
TASK. HE SHOWS NO
SIGN OF THE SYMPTOMS
THAT AFFLICT THE
OTHERS.

WE FAVOUR BLAKE WHO
IS SEATED FORWARD.

ON THE TABLE NEAR
TO HAND IS THE
NAVIGATION LOG
(BLACK BOX) AND THE
SPECIAL CONTAINER
THAT HOLDS THE
MICROPOWER CELLS.
(REFERENCE TO
EPISODE TWELVE))

BLAKE: Ze. Verleal Supplementary
to flight log date.

ZEN: Ready to accept.

BLAKE: Enter flight log number.

ZEN: Flight log entry four three one.

BLAKE: At time co-ordinate six six two, Liberator was close to the planet Cephlon. Insert precise navigation details.

ZEN: Inserted.

BLAKE: Scanner systems located a space vehicle which was put on routine security surveillance and was identified as a Spacemaster series five.

(AS BLAKE CONTINUES
WITH HIS REPORT,
INTERCUT AT
APPROPRIATE POINTS
SCENES FROM EPISODE
TWELVE THAT RELATE
TO THE REPORT.

SHOW THE ROCKET
IN FLIGHT AND
THE EXPLOSION)

There was an explosion on board and the ship went out of control. Cephlon's gravity pulled her down in to the atmosphere and she started to burn up. Two life capsules ejected from the ship and our tracers followed them to impact. Jenna, Vila, Gan and Avon teleported down to the planet in an attempt to find survivors. (cont ...)

(REPRISE THE SCENE
FROM EPISODE TWELVE
WHERE AVON AND VILA
FIND ENSOR.

BLAKE'S VOICE
CONTINUES OVER:)

BLAKE: (cont) One crew member was already dead. The second ... a man called Ensor was badly injured. Before he died he gave me a box containing micro power cells. He insisted that we take these to the planet Aristo since without them his father will die ... He also spoke of something called Orac, and claimed the Federation was willing to pay one hundred million credits to obtain it. Verbal supplementary closes.

ZEN: Confirm Four three one is entered and closed.

(AVON JOINS BLAKE)

If the Federation is willing to pay one hundred million credits, then Orac must be quite important ...

AVON: Unless it's a magnificent swindle of course. But I suppose that's too much to hope.

(AVON RUBS A HAND
ACROSS HIS EYES)

BLAKE: Are you alright?

AVON: A little giddy that's all.

BLAKE: You know there's something we've missed in all this.

AVON: I can't think what ... It all seems straightforward enough.

(AVON INDICATES
THE BLACK BOX)

We know from the navigation log that the ship was returning to Aristo from Federation space headquarters. The other passenger was a doctor. They were carrying medical supplies. It all tallies with what Ensor said.

(BLAKE REMAINS
UNCONVINCED)

BLAKE: I don't know ... I think it's the importance the Federation is putting on Orac that bothers me ...

(BLAKE GETS AN
IDEA THAT BREAKS
HIS LINE OF
THOUGHT)

Let's take another look at the scanner pictures of that ship ...

AVON: They're not going to tell us anything we don't know.

BLAKE: Perhaps not. But let's check it anyway.

(BLAKE AND AVON
MOVE ACROSS TO
ZEN.

THEY PASS JENNA
AT THE CONTROLS)

JENNA: I'm switching to automatics.
Something I want from my cabin.

(BLAKE AND AVON
PAY HARDLY ANY
ATTENTION)

BLAKE: Right Jenna.

(JENNA LOOKING
VERY SHAKEY MOVES
FROM HER POSITION
AND STARTS FOR
THE TELEPORT
SECTION.

BLAKE AND AVON
CONCENTRATE ON
ZEN)

AVON: Zen ... Run the scanner
file from the moment we picked up
visual contact with the Spacemaster
ship.

ZEN: Confirmed. Retrieval systems
operating.

(THE SCANNER SCREEN
SHOWS A PATTERN OF
FLASHING LIGHTS)

AVON: What are you looking for?

BLAKE: I'm not sure yet ...

(AS THEY WAIT FOR
THE PICTURES,
AVON SHAKILY
WIPES HIS BROW.

BLAKE SHOWS
CONCERN)

2. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION. NIGHT.

(CALLY IS BUSY
AT SOME TASK.

JENNA STARTS
TO CROSS THE
SECTION. SHE
STUMBLES, ALMOST
FAINTING.

CALLY HURRIES
ACROSS AND HELPS
HER)

CALLY: What is it Jenna ... What
is wrong?

JENNA: I don't know ... I feel ...
I feel terrible ...

(CALLY PUTS A HAND
ON JENNA'S FOREHEAD)

CALLY: You have a fever. Come.
I will get you to your cabin ...

(CALLY ASSISTS
THE VERY SHAKEY
JENNA ACROSS
THE SECTION)

3. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(AVON AND BLAKE
AT THE SCANNER
SCREEN.

VILA, SHOWING
SIMILAR SYMPTOMS
TO JENNA MOVES
IN TO JOIN THEM.

ON THE SCANNER
SCREEN WE SEE
APPEAR THE ROCKET
SHIP IN FLIGHT.
(EPISODE TWELVE)
INTERCUT BETWEEN
THE WATCHERS AND
THE SCREEN)

AVON: There it is ...

BLAKE: Normal flight. No indication
of any difficulty.

AVON: Just coming to the point
where the motors go up ...

(ON THE SCREEN
WE SEE THE FLASH
POINT ON THE
ROCKET AND A
LITTLE BEYOND)

BLAKE: (URGENTLY) Hold it there!

(THE PICTURE FREEZES)

Alright now now go back ...

(THE SCREEN SHOWS
THE ACTION IN
REVERSE UNTIL IT
REACHES THE ACTUAL
MOMENT OF THE
FLARE OF THE
EXPLOSION)

BLAKE: (cont) Stop.

(THE PICTURE
FREEZES)

That's it! Look ... that's what
was bothering me ...

VILA: I don't see anything special.

AVON: It's in the wrong place.

BLAKE: Exactly. The explosion's
in the forward section ... We
thought it was a neutron burn-out ...
but that's no where near the engine
housing.

VILA: A-lright ... but it doesn't
change anything does it?

BLAKE: Zen ... I want the sensor
readings for that moment ... full
spectrum analysis ...

ZEN: Confirmed.

AVON: What are you trying to prove?

BLAKE: Ensor went to Federation space headquarters. He wanted medical assistance ... but he also wanted to sell something of enormous value.

VILA: Orac.

BLAKE: Right. We can presume the deal was made because he told us they were willing to pay a fantastic price for Orac ... Now ... they start on the return journey ...

ZEN: The data you requested is now available.

BLAKE: Let's hear it.

ZEN: The explosion registered one point three. Disturbance peaked at one one five. Spectral analysis indicates Gemitan in the detonation. Analysis of residual vapour confirms presence of Gemitan explosive.

BLAKE: Conclusion?

ZEN: Probability is that a small explosive device was detonated in the gravity compensator controls.

AVON: Deliberate sabotage ...

BLAKE: Yes.

VILA: But why?

AVON: So the Federation can get hold of Orac without paying the hundred million.

BLAKE: That's about the only thing that would make sense.

VILA: Follow the logic of that and they'll be on their way to pick up Orac as fast as they can go. And that's fairly fast actually.

BLAKE: But not as fast as us.

AVON: Ever the optimist ...

(FURTHER DISCUSSION
IS HALTED BY CALLY
WHO APPEARS FROM
THE TELEPORT
SECTION.

SHE CALLS URGENTLY
AND SPEAKS AS SHE
HURRIES TO JOIN
THEM:)

CALLY: Blake ... Jenna is very sick. Gan is too. He has the same symptoms.

AVON: Sick?

BLAKE: What's wrong with them?

CALLY: (TO VILA) Stand still a moment ... (cont ...)

(CALLY IS CARRYING
A SMALL INSTRUMENT.
SHE PASSES THE
INSTRUMENT CLOSE
OVER VILA'S BODY.

THE INSTRUMENT
GIVES OFF A RAPID
TICKING SOUND WHEN
IT IS NEAR HIM.

CALLY THEN DOES
THE SAME TO AVON.
THIS TIME WE ARE
ABLE TO SEE THE
DIAL ON THE
INSTRUMENT. ITS
NEEDLE SWINGS FAR
OVER IN TO A RED
"DANGER" SECTION.

THE SAME RAPID
TICKING IS HEARD)

CALLY: (cont) The same as the
others. They've all absorbed
heavy doses of radiation ...

VILA: (HORRIFIED) Radiation? But
how ...?

CALLY: (INTERJECTING) The four of
you went down to the surface of
Cephlon. You stayed down too long,
far beyond tolerance limits. (TO
BLAKE) They need treatment ...
and they need it quickly ...

VILA: Well what are we waiting for?

AVON: (CALMLY) Relax. We'll go
on to massive doses of decontaminant
drugs ... within a day or ...

(CALLY IS SHAKING
HER HEAD)

BLAKE: Why not Cally?

CALLY: There are no decontaminant
drugs on the ship. I have checked.
There is nothing that will counter
radiation sickness ...

BLAKE: You're sure?

CALLY: I'm sure.

(BLAKE CONSIDERS)

BLAKE: Our best hope is that they
have a supply on Aristo.

VILA: And if they don't?

BLAKE: They will have.

VILA: But if they don't?

AVON: There's no point in hiding
it ... (TO VILA) Our condition will
deteriorate rapidly. If we don't
get drug treatment very soon, we
shall die.

VILA: Die?? I can't do that.

AVON: I'm afraid you can. It's
the one talent we all share. Even
you.

TELECINE 2(M)

Ext. Liberator in Space.
Night.

Liberator races away
through space.

4. EXT. THE PLANET ARISTO FROM SPACE.
NIGHT.

(PHOTO-CAPTION)

(A VIEW OF A
PLANET.

ZOOM IN ON IT)

5. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

(AT FIRST IT
APPEARS WE ARE
IN THICK JUNGLE.
TROPICAL GREENERY
FILLS THE LABORATORY.
THERE IS LOUD
BIRDSONG.

THE CAMERA PUSHES
THROUGH THE
SHRUBBERY TO REACH
A "CLEARING".

HERE, ON A RECLINING
CANE CHAIR LIES
ENSOR.. HE IS
SLEEPING SO DEEPLY
THAT WE MIGHT
BELIEVE HIM DEAD.
IN HIS MIDDLE
SIXTIES, HE IS A
MAN OF STRONG
CHARACTER AND VERY
DETERMINED VIEWS.
HE IS SNAPPY, ILL
TEMPERED AND
IRASCIBLE. HE
WEARS SLOPPY SHIRT
AND TROUSERS AS
THOUGH IN THE
TROPICS.

A WRIST ALARM
WATCH BUZZES AND
ENSOR STARTS TO
SLEEPILY ROUSE
HIMSELF. HE TURNS
OFF THE ALARM AND
RUBS HIS EYES.
HE STANDS AND PUSHES
THROUGH THE SHRUBBERY
TO A BENCH THAT IS
CLUTTERED WITH
SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS

THERE IS ALL MANNER
OF BIZARRE JUNK
SCATTERED AROUND
THE PLACE, MAKING
IT AN ODD AMALGAM
OF LABORATORY,
LIVING QUARTERS
AND SHRUBBERY.
ALL THIS REFLECTING
THE ECCENTRICITY
OF ITS OCCUPANT.

SOMEWHERE ON THE
FLOOR AMONGST THE
CLUTTER IS A TEA-
CHEST SIZED PIECE
OF EQUIPMENT.
IT LOOKS RATHER
LIKE UN-CASED
TELEVISION CHASSIS,
(MINUS TUBE) PACKED
WITH PRINTED
CIRCUITS AND
COMPONENTS, LINKED
WITH MAZES OF CABLES.
NOT AT ALL IMPRESSIVE,
INDEED, LOOKING
SLIGHTLY BOTCHED
TOGETHER. IT HAS
NO MOBILITY OR
ROBOTIC QUALITIES.
IT CAN HOWEVER TALK.

ENSOR STANDS IN
FRONT OF THE BENCH
AND SLOWLY UNBUTTONS
HIS SHIRT. HE PULLS
IT OPEN TO REVEAL
HIS CHEST. THE
CHEST IS COVERED
WITH MASSIVE SCAR
TISSUE SHOWING
LINES OF STITCHING.
AT THE CENTRE OF
THE SCARS, OVER HIS
HEART, IS A SMALL
MULTI POINTED SOCKET,
GRAFTED IN TO THE
SKIN.

ENSOR TAKES A
LEAD FROM A
PIECE OF EQUIPMENT
AND PLUGS IT IN TO
THE SOCKET. HE
SWITCHES ON THE
INSTRUMENT AND
VARIOUS DIALS
SPRING TO LIFE.

ENSOR EXAMINES
THE DIALS AND
SHAKES HIS HEAD
DISAPPROVINGLY:)

ENSOR: Not good ... not good at all.
Very little time left ...

(HE UNPLUGS AND
BUTTONS UP.
HE GLANCES OFF.

THE VOICE THAT
ANSWERS HIS
QUESTION IS ORAC'S.

WE DO NOT SHOW
ORAC AS THE SOURCE
OF THE VOICE, ONLY
SUGGEST THAT SOME-
ONE OR SOMETHING
IS HIDDEN BEHIND
THE SCREEN OF
GREENERY.

ORAC'S VOICE IS
VERY SIMILAR TO
ENSOR'S. THEY
ARE IDENTICAL
IN DELIVERY AND
CHARACTER, BUT
FOR THE MOMENT
WE DO NOT STRESS
THIS)

Anything to report?

ORAC'S VOICE: A space vehicle
has made a surface landing about
seven miles inland.

ENSOR: My son's ship?

ORAC'S VOICE: No.

(ENSOR LETS HIS
DISAPPOINTMENT
SHOW)

ENSOR: A stupid question ... I
apologise. Had it been his, he
would have contacted us by now ...

(ENSOR MOVES
BACK TO HIS
LOUNGING CHAIR)

Have you identified the ship?

ORAC'S VOICE: Federation. Two
passengers now disembarked and
proceeding on foot toward this
section.

ENSOR: Is the defence zone
operating?

ORAC'S VOICE: Yes.

ENSOR: In that case they won't
get far. (cont ...)

(ENSOR STRETCHES
OUT ON THE LOUNGER
AND TAKES A
POSITION FOR SLEEP)

ENSOR: (cont) Sleeping seems to reduce the energy drain fractionally. May as well prolong my life to the very limit. One clings to it ... clings to it. Keep an eye on the two from the Federation ship.

ORAC'S VOICE: They might attempt entry through the tunnels under the old city.

ENSOR: They can't reach us that way! You know that. The tunnels are crawling with Phibians ...

ORAC'S VOICE: (REPROACHFULLY) I was suggesting it might be more humane to warn them of the danger ...

(ENSOR IS ALREADY
DROPPING ASLEEP.
HIS VOICE DROWSY,
HIS EYES CLOSED)

ENSOR: Had they been friendly they would have tried to make contact before landing. They didn't. Therefore they are not friends. Therefore they are enemies. What could they want here? Only one thing ... You Orac my friend. You ... Let the Phibians have them.

(ENSOR DROPS
INTO SLEEP)

TELECINE 1:

Ext. Sandhills. Day.

A barren and desolate area of sandhills. As bleak a prospect as we can find. Distant thunder rolls across the sandscape. Whenever we are playing scenes on the planet's surface, the thunder sounds a background.

On the crest of a sandhill. TRAVIS appears from the other side and pauses. He looks around and then uses ultra-modern binoculars to scan the area.

INSERT: His V.P. scanning desolate sea and sand.

RESUME ON TRAVIS. He reacts to the grim vista. His attention is taken by Servalen's voice calling:

SERVALAN'S VOICE: Travis! Over here! (cont ...)

TRAVIS turns and runs across the side of the sandhill.

CUT

SERVALAN, suitably kitted out for the expedition, is staring out across the sandhills. She holds a chart in her hand.

TRAVIS moves up beside
SERVALAN. She points.

SERVALAN: (cont) There it is ...

We take their V.P. to
show, not very far off,
the very limited remains
of what was once a stone
building. Mostly buried
in the sand, only a few
stones remain to mark the
site.

SERVALAN and TRAVIS hurry
toward it. Once amongst
the remains they scout
around the area. There
is some sign of a paved
floor, most of which is
covered with sand.

After a few moments of
searching, TRAVIS drops
to his knees and starts
to brush away the sand.
A large paving stone
with an iron ring at its
centre is revealed.

TRAVIS: Yes. This is it. (cont ...)

He hauls on the iron
ring. The paving stone
resists his efforts.
SERVALAN moves to join
him. The stone begins
to lift. Finally the
slab is lifted clear.

TRAVIS and SERVALAN
stare down. Both
carry flashlights.

TRAVIS shines his down
the hole.

It is evident that they find what they see unpleasant.

TRAVIS: (cont) There must be an easier way to get inside.

SERVALAN: The surface forcefield is impenetrable. We must go under it ...

TRAVIS nods reluctant agreement. He tries to become more business-like.

TRAVIS: Let me look at the map ...

Together they examine the chart that SERVALAN is holding.

SERVALAN: We follow this tunnel and there should be another shaft going off to the left ...

TRAVIS: They start to run below sea level then ... Let's hope they're not flooded ...

SERVALAN: Shall we get started?

TRAVIS moves forward.

CUT

Int. Steps and Tunnel.

Stone steps lead down from where the heavy stone slab has been lifted back.

The walls of the tunnel are dank and slimey, the floor is ankle deep in sludge.

TRAVIS moves warily down the steps, followed by SERVALAN. They shine their flashlights around for a moment then move off down the tunnel.

Suddenly they freeze in shock at a frightening echoing cry of some unknown creature ahead of them in the tunnel. They recover.

Both get their weapons at the ready and start along the tunnel. Slowly, cautiously. As they move from our sight, we FOCUS on what looks like a piled drift of sand in the corner made by the floor and wall.

A PHIBIAN, a man sized creature, seems to burrow out of the mire. An amphibious creature that has a skin that looks like blotchy grey rubber. The 'hands' and 'feet' are webbed with a translucent membrane. This membrane also grows from about the knee out to the tips of the webbed 'hand', giving the creature an almost bat-like appearance. The 'head' is gilled.

The PHIBIAN, dripping with sand and mud stands erect and looks after the figures of TRAVIS and SERVALAN. Then dropping to all fours, starts to crawl in pursuit.

TELECINE 3 (M)

Ext. Liberator in Flight.
Night.

Liberator racing through
space.

6. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(AVON'S FEVER IS
INCREASING BUT
HE IS FIGHTING
AGAINST IT.

HE IS STARING
AT THE SCANNER
SCREEN ON WHICH
WE SEE THE PLANET
ARISTO, STILL
DISTANT, BUT
GROWING LARGER.

BLAKE MOVES ACROSS
TO STAND NEAR AVON.
HE INDICATES A DATA
PAD HE IS HOLDING)

BLAKE: I had Zen run through the
reference banks ... This Professor
Ensor is a remarkable man. A
very impressive list of achievements
...

AVON: Like what?

BLAKE: When he was eighteen years
old, he developed something called
the Tarial Cell ...

AVON: The Tarial Cell. Of course.
I knew his name meant something to
me.

BLAKE: It let to a whole new
generation of computers ...

AVON: Every computer in the known worlds contains Tarial cells ... He developed and engineered a lot of radical new concepts in computer technology. The most advanced computers are based on his designs ... Come to think of it, I'm surprised the Federation ever let him get away ...

BLAKE: They didn't. Not exactly.

(BEFORE BLAKE CAN
CONTINUE, CALLY
ENTERS.

BOTH MEN LOOK
ANXIOUSLY TOWARD
HER)

How are they?

CALLY: (SHRUGGING) Much the same ... Until they get treatment, the only change will be for the worse.

(BLAKE NODS TOWARD
THE SCREEN AND
ITS PICTURE OF
ARISTO)

BLAKE: Nearly there. Another hour.

AVON: Ironical. We're racing to deliver medical supplies to save a man's life ... in the hope he'll have medical supplies that will save ours ...

BLAKE: There's something here that would explain why he needs those energy cells ... (cont ...)

BLAKE: (cont) Apparently he took a vacation on the planet Morphol. While he was there he suffered a massive heart attack ... Medical facilities on Morphol were primitive. The medics transplanted a mechanical heart powered by micro-cells. They have a life of about forty Earth years. All of which happened about forty years ago ...

CALLY: Didn't they substitute a more modern unit when he got back to civilisation?

BLAKE: That's the point ... he never got back ... He simply vanished ... He and his four year old son just disappeared and that was the last that was ever heard of them.

AVON: Until now.

CALLY: And all that time he was hiding away on Aristo ...

(NOW THEY ALL
TURN AND LOOK
AT THE SCREEN
WHICH IS VIRTUALLY
FILLED WITH THE
PLANET)

BLAKE: We'd better get kitted up for a surface landing ...

(BLAKE AND CALLY
MOVE AWAY.

AVON CONTINUES
TO STARE AT
THE SCREEN)

TELECINE 3 (M)

Ext. Liberator & Planet Aristo.
Night.

Liberator banks and swings
across the glowing face
of the planet.

7. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

(ENSOR IS SLEEPING
RESTLESSLY.

ORAC'S VOICE
DOES NOT WAKEN
HIM)

ORAC'S VOICE: An unidentified
space vehicle is manoeuvring to
take a fixed orbit which threatens
our security zone. What action
do you wish taken?

(AFTER A PAUSE
WITH NO RESPONSE
FROM ENSOR)

In the absence of other instructions
I shall institute full security
procedure.

(VARIOUS INSTRUMENTS
ON THE WORK BENCH
FLICKER INTO LIFE)

TELECINE 4(M)

Ext. Liberator & Planet Aristo.
Night.

Liberator moving across the
face of Aristo.

8. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(CALLY AND BLAKE
ARE RETURNING
TO THE DECK.
KITTED FOR A
SURFACE LANDING.
STRAPPING ON
WEAPONS.

BLAKE PICKS UP
THE BOX CONTAINING
THE ENERGY CELLS.
HE GLANCES AT THEM
AND THEN SNAPS THE
BOX SHUT.

BLAKE LOOKS AT
AVON WITH SOME
CONCERN)

BLAKE: Are you going to be up to
handling things here?

AVON: Assuming you don't take
too long.

(AVON GLANCES
AT THE NOW
SCREEN FILLING
IMAGE OF ARISTO)

Surface conditions?

ZEN: Tolerable. Nine tenths of
the planet is covered by water
which is highly acidic. The level
of the oceans is constantly rising
and they now virtually cover all
traces of the cities built by early

BLAKE: Life forms?

ZEN: The land masses are arid and support only primitive plant life. Life is evolving in the oceans and amphibian species have begun to develop.

AVON: Anything else?

ZEN: This constitutes all available data.

CALLY: It seems there will not be too many natural hazards to deal with.

ZEN: Data amendment. Retrieval systems have located further information. There have been three exploraty expeditions put down on Aristo. None of the three ever returned. Their disappearance remains unexplained. Amendment ends.

(THE THREE EXCHANGE
A LOOK OF CONCERN)

TELECINE 5(M)

Ext. Liberator & Planet Aristo.
Night.

Liberator slows, turns and
then halts.

9. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(CALLY AND BLAKE
ARE MAKING THEIR
FINAL PREPARATIONS)

ZEN: Transit complete. Liberator
is in stationary orbit within
teleport range of the planet
Aristo. Teleport range ... fixed
orbit ... Transit ... Transit ...

(ZEN APPEARS TO
GO ON THE BLINK.
ITS INDICATORS
FLASH WILDLY.
ITS VOICE REPEATS
WORDS BUT IT
SEEMS INCAPABLE
OF COMPLETING A
PHRASE)

Fixed orbit ... orbit ... Transit
range ... teleport ...

(THE TRIO STARE
AT IT IN SURPRISE)

Interference ... All circuits Range
... Transit. Interference. All
circuits ... interference ...

(ZENS VOICE CUTS
OFF IN THE MIDDLE
OF A WORD)

(ALL THE INDICATOR
LIGHTS VANISH.

AFTER A BEAT,
THEY COME ON
AGAIN AND GLOW
WITH STEADY
POWER.

THE VOICE OF
ORAC ISSUES
FROM ZEN)

ORAC'S VOICE: You will identify
yourselves and state clearly the
purpose of your intrusion.

CALLY: Zen, what are you doing?
What is wrong with you?

AVON: Who are you? (BEAT) Specify
recognition code!

ORAC'S VOICE: I repeat. Identify
yourselves and state the purpose
of your mission.

BLAKE: This is the spacecraft
Liberator. We have medical supplies
for somebody on your planet.

ORAC'S VOICE: You will explain
the circumstances governing your
previous statement.

BLAKE: We went to the aid of a
crashed space ship. Before the
pilot died he asked us to deliver
some micro power cells. He said
they were vital to save his father's
life.

ORAC'S VOICE: Your explanation is satisfactory. I am aware that you have teleport facilities. I will set co-ordinates for a surface landing. On arrival you will await further instructions. That is all.

(ZEN'S LIGHTS
FLICKER AND
FLASH, THEN
GROW STEADY
AGAIN)

ZEN: All circuits are now free of interference and full function is restored.

CALLY: What happened?

(On to page 39)

ZEN: Preliminary research indicates that all computer functions were temporarily under external control.

AVON: That's impossible!

ZEN: Logic concur that it is impossible.

BLAKE: But it happened anyway.

ZEN: Logic units concur that it happened. Investigation of this paradox is continuing.

AVON: I don't like. A force that can take over our computers could easily control the ship.

BLAKE: Well we're not going to find out about it standing here.
(TO CALLY) You ready?

CALLY: I am ready. (TO AVON) Can you handle the teleport?

AVON: Of course I can.

(THEY ALL MOVE
TOWARD THE TELE-
PORT SECTION)

10. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION.
NIGHT.

(AS THE TRIO MOVE
IN TO THE TELE-
PORT SECTION.

CALLY STARES ACROSS
AT THE TELEPORT
LOCATOR AND REACTS
STRONGLY)

CALLY: Look!

(WE SHOW THE TELE-
PORT CONTROL DESK.
THE EQUIPMENT IS
MOVING ON ITS OWN.

THE TRIO MOVE FOR-
WARD QUICKLY AND
WATCH IN AMAZEMENT
AS THE EQUIPMENT
SETS THE CO-ORDINATES
FOR A LANDING)

BLAKE: Its setting the co-ordinates.

CALLY: (AWED) By itself.

(THE MOVEMENT CEASES)

AVON: It looks as though our
computers are being over-ridden
again. They're being programmed
from another source.

CALLY: Maybe we should pull out while we still have a chance.

AVON: While some of us still have a chance ...

CALLY: I'm sorry Avon. For a moment I forgot.

BLAKE: Frankly ... I doubt if we could even if we wanted to. From what we've seen already it's devious that force could totally immobilise us ...

(AVON CONSIDERS
THIS AND DISMISSES
IT)

AVON: Let's get on with it shall we.

(CALLY MOVES TO
JOIN HIM AND THEY
TAKE THEIR POSITIONS)

BLAKE: (TO AVON) Try and stay near the controls ...?

AVON: I'll be here ...

BLAKE: Put us down.

(AVON OPERATES THE
CONTROL.

BLAKE AND CALLY
DEMATERIALISE)

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Sandhills and
Beach. Day.

A bleak sea and empty
beach. Thunder cracks
and rolls.

CALLY and BLAKE
materialise. They
look around.

CALLY: What do we do now?

BLAKE: Wait for instructions.
There isn't much else we can do.

BLAKE stares around.
CALLY moves forward
and then reacts as
though she has walked
into an invisible
wall.

At the same instant
her entire body is
haloed by a flicker-
ing blue light. She
recoils from the
barrier and the halo
vanishes.

CALLY: What is it?

BLAKE moves across
to join her.

BLAKE: Some sort of force barrier.
(cont ...)

He reaches forward.
His hand is bathed
in the same flicker-
ing blue glow as he
feels the invisible
barrier.

BLAKE: (cont) Question is are we
on the outside unable to get in ...?

CALLY: Or on the inside unable to
get out?

CUT

Int. Stone Tunnels
Complex. Day.

On a point in the
tunnel where a fall
of stone and sand
has almost closed it
off. There is a small
gap through which a
person could crawl.

Back along the tunnel
the glow from Travis'
and Servalan's flash-
lights can be seen
approaching.

TWO PHIBIANS stir
from the wet sandy
floor, alerted by
their approach.

ONE of the PHIBIANS
slithers into the
narrow passage through
the fallen stone and
vanishes from sight.
The SECOND moves to a
new position and is
lost in deep shadow.

TRAVIS and SERVALAN
approach. SERVALAN
halts and turns back
the way they have
come, listening in-
tently. There is a
vague and distantly
echoing slithering
sound.

TRAVIS: (SOFTLY) It's been behind us since we started ...

SERVALAN directs her flashlight and stares.

SERVALAN: I can't see anything.

SERVALAN shudders.

TRAVIS moves to the blocked point of the tunnel, and looks in- to the narrow gap, flashing his torch along it.

SERVALAN moves hastily to join him.

SERVALAN: Can we get through?

TRAVIS: There's not much space ...

TRAVIS reaches to check and a few stones slip out of place.

TRAVIS: It wouldn't take much to bring the whole roof in.

SERVALAN: We knew there would be risks.

TRAVIS: I hope they're justified.

SERVALAN: They are. When I ... we deliver Orac to the Federation they will be grateful and generous. And it will be our success. Ours alone.

TRAVIS: And if we fail? (cont ...)

TRAVIS turns his attention to the narrow opening.

TRAVIS: (cont) Keep watch here.

SERVALAN: Alright.

TRAVIS worms his way through the opening, and is lost to sight.

Now there is only the echoing drip and splash of water.

Suddenly the slithering noise comes from the darkness along the tunnel. SERVALAN points her flashlight and readies her gun.

She is suddenly alarmed by the muffled sound of a shot and an animal scream of pain from beyond the rock-fall.

She flashes her light into the dark hole.

SERVALAN: Travis ...?

There is only silence.

SERVALAN: (PANIC) Travis!!

Still silence. From behind her comes the slithering sound. She spins and stares back along the tunnel.

SERVALAN moves away from the rockfall, back along the tunnel until she is four or five yards from it and staring into the darkness away from the fall, gun at the ready.

Between SERVALAN and the rockfall we see the PHIBIAN ooze up from the floor and start to advance on the unsuspecting SERVALAN.

FAVOUR SERVALAN to exclude the advancing creature. Instinct makes her suddenly turn. She is horrified to see the PHIBIAN immediately behind her. Arms, and therefore membrane, outstretched like a great enveloping bat.

The PHIBIAN lunges at SERVALAN. In the same instant we hear the loud echoing blast of a shot.

The PHIBIAN falls forward clutching at SERVALAN, enveloping her in its membrane. Then it slowly slips to the ground, dead.

SHOW TRAVIS still in the narrow gap. His gun hand is smoking. He starts to scramble into the clear.

SERVALAN remains rigid with terror. TRAVIS crosses to her and with his foot pushes the PHIBIAN away.

TRAVIS: Did it hurt you?

SERVALAN shakes her head, too shocked to speak.

TRAVIS kneels and turns the PHIBIAN so that it is face up. He masks the creature's face from our view.

SERVALAN looks down and shudders at the sight.

TRAVIS stands.

SERVALAN: What is it?

TRAVIS shrugs.
Moves back to the gap.

TRAVIS: We can get through ... You have to crawl, then it opens out again ... Are you coming?

SERVALAN is uncertain. She stares at the ominous darkness of the gap.

TRAVIS: (ENJOYING HER DISCOMFITURE)
The credit and rewards remember ...?

SERVALAN pulls herself together. Her icy authority returns.

TRAVIS makes to enter the gap.

TRAVIS: I'll go first shall I?

SERVALAN suddenly asserts herself. Regains all her strength and composure.

SERVALAN: No Travis. You will follow me.

He moves aside and she starts to crawl into the gap. TRAVIS takes a last look behind them and then follows.

In the semi-darkness we see TWO PHIBIANS slither into sight and move up to the gap. ONE of them starts to crawl inside.

CUT

Ext. Sandhills and Beach. Day.

BLAKE and CALLY are waiting. It is CALLY who becomes aware of a distant buzzing sound that is gradually growing louder. She scans the sky in the direction of the invisible barrier. After a moment she spots something. She points and calls.

CALLY: Blake, look!

BLAKE stares in the direction CALLY is pointing.

A small dot in the sky is racing toward them. They watch it come closer. It finally reaches them and comes to a halt hovering some yards over their heads.

Not much larger than a football, it has a round central body, a pair of wings forming a delta shape and some antennae sticking from it.

A distinctly mechanical voice issues from the satellite.

SATELLITE: You are carrying weapons
You will remove them.

BLAKE: We'd prefer to keep them
with us ...

SATELLITE: You will remove them.

BLAKE: (MILDLY) No.

A brief but bright beam of light issues from the satellite and the sand at Blake's feet explodes.

SATELLITE: You will remove them.

BLAKE: (WRYLY) We will remove them.

BLAKE and CALLY unfasten their gun belts and place them on the ground.

SATELLITE: You will follow me.

The Satellite turns on its axis and moves back the way it has come.

BLAKE and CALLY take the few steps that bring them to the invisible barrier.

CALLY reaches out her hand and is haloed by the blue light, indicating the barrier is still in position. CALLY looks up at the satellite.

CALLY: How do we get through this?

The Satellite gives a brief burst of bleeps and ticks.

For a brief instant our picture goes to negative (or similar effect) then RESUMES.

SATELLITE: You will move forward.

Cautiously CALLY and BLAKE move through the barrier, reacting to the fact they are now able to do so.

CALLY: Versatile isn't it?

BLAKE: Let's hope it's still around when we want to get out ...

BLAKE pauses and
prepares to speak
into his wrist
communicator.

SATELLITE: You will follow.

BLAKE: I want to make contact with
my ship first.

SATELLITE: Signal transmission
through the energy screen is not
possible. You will follow me.

The Satellite turns
on its axis and speeds
away.

CALLY and BLAKE start
to trudge after it.

The Satellite turns
and hovers over them.

SATELLITE: You will make greater
speed. Hurry. Hurry.

It turns and races
away.

CALLY and BLAKE
hurry in pursuit.

END TELECINE 2.

TELECINE 6: (M)

Ext. Liberator
in Space. Night.

Liberator hangs
motionless in
Space.

11. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION.
NIGHT.

(AVON IS AT THE
TELEPORT CONTROLS.
HIS EYES ARE
CLOSED AND HIS
BREATHING SHALLOW.
IT IS OBVIOUS
THAT THE RADIATION
SICKNESS IS GETTING
GRADUALLY WORSE.
AT A SOUND, HE
ROUSES HIMSELF
TO SEE JENNA ENTER
AND START ACROSS
TO HIM.

SHE IS SUFFERING
THE SAME SYMPTOMS
BUT IS WORSE.
WALKING IS A
CONSIDERABLE EFFORT)

AVON: You were told to stay in
your cabin.

JENNA: Any word?

AVON: Nothing since they called
in to say that were down safely
and waiting.

JENNA: How long ago was that?

AVON: A little over two hours.

JENNA: We should have heard something by now.

(GAN ENTERS. HE
TOO IS VERY
GROGGY)

AVON: Not you as well.

GAN: Don't like being alone.
Specially not if I'm going to die.

JENNA: That's cheerful.

GAN: Sorry.

AVON: Is Vila on his way too?

GAN: No. He's trying to convince himself he feels fine. Says we'd just remind him that he doesn't.

AVON: Occasionally he shows distinct signs of intelligence. Why don't you go back to your quarters...I'll let you know the moment I hear anything.

JENNA: I think I'll stay...It's better if there are two of us standing by...

GAN: Better still if there are three...

JENNA: Just in case...

(AVON DOESN'T HAVE
THE ENERGY TO
DISPUTE THE MATTER.
JENNA AND GAN SETTLE
THEY GO MATTER)

TELECINE 3:

Ext. Sandhills. Day.

BLAKE and CALLY are
labouring through
the sandhills.

The Satelllite is
hovering in a fixed
position just
beyond the next rise.

The COUPLE scramble
to the top of the
dune then halt and
stare down into the
depression. At
the base of the
depression is a
gleaming black
cylinder. It
stands like a column
about four feet
across and nine
or ten feet high.
It's surface is
totally smooth
and shining.

BLAKE and CALLY
move down to the
column. The
satellite hovers
near.

SATELLITE: You will enter the
transporter.

The PAIR examine
the column. Its
surface offers no
indication of a
place to enter.

SATELLITE: You will enter the
transporter.

BLAKE: Now look. I'm getting pretty fed up with taking orders from you. Just how are we supposed to get in to that?

SATELLITE: Face the transporter and step forward.

CALLY shrugs, she stands very near the column then takes a pace forward and seems to vanish through the wall of the column. It takes BLAKE a moment to overcome his surprise then he follows the same procedure.

END TELECINE 3.

12. INT. COLUMN. DAY.

(CALLY IS INSIDE
THE CYLINDER.

BLAKE STEPS THROUGH
THE WALL TO JOIN
HER)

CALLY: I said that thing was
versatile.

BLAKE: Maybe we should try and
capture it. Avon might like it
as a pet.

(CALLY AND BLAKE
GIVE A SLIGHT
LURCH AS THOUGH
THE FLOOR HAS
SUDDENLY DROPPED
AWAY BENEATH
THEM)

TELECINE 4:

Ext. Sandhills. Day.

The column seems to
vanish downwards
into the sand. The
movement is very
swift. When it has
gone there is no
trace or disturbance
of the sand to show
where it has been.

The satellite
speeds away to be
lost to sight.

END TELECINE 4.

13. INT. COLUMN. DAY.

(THROUGH THE NOW
TRANSLUCENT
SURFACE OF THE
COLUMN WE CAN
SEE MARKER
LIGHTS THAT
TRAVEL FROM
BOTTOM TO TOP
AT GREAT SPEED,
INDICATING THE
RAPID DESCENT
OF THE
TRANSPORTER.
THERE IS A
SMOOTH MECHANICAL
HUM.

BLAKE AND CALLY
SHOW THE EFFECTS
OF PRESSURE ON
THE EARS.

WE HOLD ON THE
DESCENT FOR
ENOUGH TIME TO
SUGGEST THAT
THE TRANSPORTER
IS GOING DOWN
TO A CONSIDERABLE
DEPTH.

THE TRANSPORTER
SLOWS, THEN HALTS.
THE MECHANICAL
NOISE CEASES)

BLAKE: We seem to have arrived.

(THEY EXCHANGE A LOOK.
THEN, TOGETHER, STEP
FORWARD THROUGH THE WALL)

14. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(A STONE WALLED
CORRIDOR. SIMILAR
IN CONSTRUCTION
TO THE TUNNELS
COMPLEX BUT
DRY AND CLEAN.

THE END OF THE
TUNNEL IS MADE
BY THE COLUMN.

CALLY AND BLAKE
STEP OUT "THROUGH"
ITS WALL. THEY
LOOK AROUND.
WITH THE COLUMN
FORMING ONE END
OF THE CORRIDOR
THEY HAVE ONLY
ONE WAY TO GO)

CALLY: What now?

BLAKE: We walk.

(THEY START OFF
DOWN THE CORRIDOR.
WE FEATURE A POINT
ON THE GROUND AS
THEY APPROACH.
A LARGE AND WELL
SECURED MANHOLE
COVER. (OR
SOMETHING SIMILAR
IN THE WALL)

CALLY AND BLAKE
MOVE PAST THE
FEATURE PAYING
NO PARTICULAR
ATTENTION. AS THEY

TELECINE 5:

Stone Tunnels Complex. Day.

SERVALAN and TRAVIS
edging their way
along the tunnel.

SERVALAN in the lead
with TRAVIS a few
yards behind her.

SERVALAN halts and
consults the
chart.

TRAVIS moves up to
join her.

SERVALAN: We're nearly there.

There are slithering
sounds and both
look back in the
direction from which
they came.

TRAVIS: They're beginning to
move in closer...

They move off.

END TELECINE 5.

14a. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(THE CORRIDOR ENDS
IN AN ARCHWAY THAT
APPEARS TO BE
CLOSED OFF WITH
THE SAME MATERIAL
AS THE COLUMN.
A SHINY BLACK
SURFACE.

CALLY AND AVON
HALT AT THE
ARCH, STARING
AT THE ~~CLEARING~~
BARRIER)

CALLY: Looks like the same material
as the walls of the transporter...

BLAKE: Shall we try it?

CALLY: (SMILES) After you.

BLAKE: I'm going to look pretty
stupid if it's not the same stuff...

(BLAKE WALKS "THROUGH"
THE WALL.

CALLY FOLLOWS)

15. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

(OUR PREVIOUS VISIT
TO THE LABORATORY
SUGGESTED WE WERE
IN A JUNGLE CLEARING.

ONLY NOW AS CALLY
AND BLAKE APPEAR
"THROUGH" THE
ARCH DO WE SEE
CLEARLY THAT THE
JUNGLE IS A MASS
OF POTTED AND
TUBBED PLANTS.

CALLY AND BLAKE
REACT AND THEN
START TO PICK
THEIR WAY FORWARD
AND PUSH THROUGH
FOLIAGE TO COME
UPON THE SLEEPING
ENSOR.

THEY MOVE QUICKLY
TO HIM.

CALLY KNEELS
BESIDE ENSOR AND
SEARCHES FOR A
PULSE.

ENSOR STARTS TO
WAKE. HE BECOMES
ALERT FAIRLY
QUICKLY)

ENSOR: Unhand me women! The energy
cells...Have you brought the energy
cells?

(BLAKE IS A LITTLE
TAKEN ABACK BY THE
ABRUPTNESS OF THE
QUESTION)

BLAKE: Yes...Yes...we've got them.
Are you alright?

ENSOR: Of course I'm not alright!
....If I was alright I wouldn't
need you. And it certainly took
you long enough to get here..
Typical of you morons in physical
medicine...

CALLY: You don't understand...
we...

(ENSOR CONTINUES
UNCHECKED)

ENSOR: It always has to be a mercy
dash doesn't it? It's not enough
to simply arrive, do your work and
get out. It always has to be a
drama.

BLAKE: We got here as quickly as
we could...

(ENSOR GETS TO HIS
FEET. HE WAVES
BLAKE'S PROTESTS
ASIDE)

ENSOR:. I don't want to hear your
feeble excuses...Let's get on with
it. I've developed a system of
electronic anaesthesia that I'll
operate myself...I won't need your
filthy drugs...You can start carving
me up as soon as you like...

CALLY: Will you please listen
to me. We are not...

(AGAIN ENSOR
INTERJECTS,
AT THE SAME
TIME HE MOVES
ACROSS TO THE
"BATTERY CHECK"
INSTRUMENT
AND UNFASTENS
HIS SHIRT
AND PLUGS
IN)

ENSOR: You'll have to work quickly. The last check I made showed there was very little in reserve... The instrument is not entirely accurate but it will give us some indication.

(HE PLUGS IN
AND THE NEEDLE OF
THE DIAL HARDLY
MOVES)

There...! You see...I suppose you enjoy this sort of thing...Boosts your egos to have the power of life and death...Adds to the mystique with which you medics like to surround yourselves...Now...which of you is the surgeon?

(BLAKE AND CALLY
LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER)

Come on...come on....Speak up.
Which of you is the butcher?

BLAKE: We're not medics, I'm afraid.

ENSOR: What?!

CALLY: We went to help a crashed space craft. One man was dead... the other was dying. He asked us to get this to you...

(BLAKE TAKES
THE BOX OF CELLS
FROM HIS POCKET AND
SHOWS IT TO ENSOR.

THE NEWS HAS A
PROFOUND EFFECT ON
ENSOR.

ENSOR TAKES THE
CELLS AND LOOKS
AT THEM FOR A
MOMENT)

ENSOR: Both men dead you say?

BLAKE: Yes.

ENSOR: One of them was my son.

CALLY: We are sorry. He tried
desperately to reach you with
these...He did everything he could...

ENSOR: Such a waste...He had a
good mind...Death is such a waste...

(ENSOR HAVING
DISCONNECTED
HIMSELF MOVES BACK
AND SETTLES ON HIS
CHAIR)

You were with my son when he died?

CALLY: Yes.

ENSOR: It's always too late isn't
it...I wonder if he knew how much
I loved him.

BLAKE: I think he did.

ENSOR: I'm sorry if I snapped at
you...it's just my way...Thank you
for doing what you could to help.

CALLY: We were hoping that you might be able to help us...

ENSOR: What is it you want?

CALLY: The four of our crew who went down to help your son were exposed to high radiation...Without decontaminant drugs they will die too...

ENSOR: (DISMISSIVELY) Oh...nothing easier...A whole cabinet of drugs over there...

(HE INDICATES
A CABINET)

Can't stand drugs myself...filthy things...Take all you want...

(CALLY MOVES
AWAY TO THE CABINET
AND STARTS TO
RIFLE THROUGH THE
CONTENTS.

BLAKE GETS AN
IDEA. HIS VOICE
URGENT WITH THE NEW
THOUGHT)

BLAKE: Listen...how much time do you have before those energy cells fail completely...

ENSOR: I told you...the instrument is not entirely accurate...Thirty minutes...At the absolute outside, a couple of hours.

AVON: Then there is still a chance. If we could get you up to our ship we might be able to make the implant ...We've got equipment for auto-surgery... Our computer could instruct us.

(ENSOR REFLECTS
THE FIRST GLIMMERINGS OF
HOPE)

ENSOR: You have the facilities to
perform an operation?

BLAKE: Liberator has one of the
best equipped surgical units you've
ever seen...

ENSOR: It might be possible I
suppose...

BLAKE: We can try. Come with us
and you've got a chance...Stay
here and you'll certainly die.

(ENSOR CONSIDERS
FOR ONLY A MOMENT,
THEN HE NODS EAGERLY)

ENSOR: I'll do it...

(HIS MOVEMENTS
ARE URGENT NOW.

HE STARTS TO HUNT
AROUND AND PUT A FEW
PIECES OF EQUIPMENT INTO
A BAG)

There are a few things I'll need...

(BLAKE STARTS TO
REMOVE HIS TELEPORT
BRACELET)

BLAKE: We can teleport you
directly from here...Cally can come
back and bring me a spare bracelet...

ENSOR: No. Teleport is not possible from here...We have to be outside the force field. We must get to the surface...

(CALLY MOVES
BACK TO JOIN BLAKE.

SHE IS TRIUMPHANTLY
HOLDING A PACKAGE
OF GLASS PHIALS)

CALLY: Got it...enough to treat an army...

(ENSOR COMPLETES
HIS COLLECTION.
TAKES A FINAL LOOK
AROUND)

ENSOR: I'm ready...

BLAKE: Let's get moving then.

(THEY MOVE TOWARD
THE EXIT WHEN ENSOR
IS HALTED BY A
SUDDEN THOUGHT:)

ENSOR: Orac! We can't leave Orac here...

CALLY: That was the message we were to give you...You son said the Federation was willing to pay a hundred million for Orac...

ENSOR: He's worth ten times that much! Here...give me a hand...
(cont...)

(HE PUSHES THROUGH
THE FOLIAGE TO
WHERE THE VERY UNIMPRESSIVE
ORAC STANDS)

ENSOR: (cont) You should be able
to carry him between you...

(CALLY AND BLAKE
ARE OPENLY UNIMPRESSED)

CALLY: That is Orac?

BLAKE: A hundred million for that!?

CALLY: Is it a computer...?

ENSOR: It most certainly is not!
It is a brain! A genius! It has
a mind that can draw information from
every computer containing one of my
cells! Orac has access to the sum
total of all the knowledge of all
the known worlds...One brain that
contains all learning.

BLAKE: You mean it can draw
information from other computers
without any direct link?

ENSOR: Precisely that...Now do you
want to stand here and listen to
a lecture of might you consider it
more important to try and sustain
my life...

(CALLY AND BLAKE
EACH TAKE ONE OF
ORAC'S LIFTING
HANDLES AND CARRY IT BETWEEN
THEM.)

ENSOR PASSES
BLAKE A SMALL DEVICE)

You'd better take charge of this...
It's a simple on-off device that
activates Orac... (cont...)

(BLAKE POCKETS
THE DEVICE)

ENSOR: (cont) Use it, and Orac
will advise you on every detail of the
operation you intend to perform. Now
...shall we go...

(CALLY AND BLAKE,
CARRYING ORAC
BETWEEN THEM, LEAD
THE WAY TO THE EXIT.

ENSOR FOLLOWS.
HE PAUSES AND RUNS
HIS FINGERS ACROSS THE
LEAVES OF THE PLANTS IN A
REFLECTIVE MOMENT:)

I'm sorry to leave my plants...The
only real vegetation on this whole
benighted planet...

(HE DISMISSES
THE MOMENT AND FOLLOWS
CALLY AND AVON)

16. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(CALLY AND AVON,
CARRYING ORAC,
EMERGE THROUGH THE
"WALL" OF THE
ARCHWAY.

ENSOR FOLLOWS AND
THEY START AWAY.

ANOTHER ANGLE:
SHOWING THE SECTION
OF CORRIDOR THAT CONTAINS
THE "TRANSPORTER".
FEATURE THE MANHOLE
COVER OF SCENE 14)

TELECINE 6:

Int. Stone Tunnels
Complex. Day.

TRAVIS is at the
"inside" of the manhole
cover, using all his
strength to try and
force it open.

SERVALAN stands watching.

After an enormous
effort TRAVIS gives
up.

TRAVIS: It's no good...it's
solid. I'll have to use a charge...

He takes a pencil
like object from his
pocket. Twists its
end to prime it and
presses it against the
manhole.

Then quickly, he and
SERVALAN back away
to cover.

END TELECINE 6:

17. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(ENSOR, CALLY AND
BLAKE ADVANCING
ALONG THE CORRIDOR.
THERE IS AN ENORMOUS
EXPLOSION
AHEAD OF THEM THAT
BLOWS THEM OFF THEIR
FEET.

AS THEY RECOVER AND
THE DUST BEGINS TO
SETTLE THEY STARE
AHEAD TO SEE THE END
OF THE CORRIDOR, AND
THEREFORE THE
TRANSPORTER, BLOCKED
OFF BY A PILE OF
MASONRY. THERE IS
A GAPING HOLE ON
THE FLOOR OR WALL.

THROUGH THE STILL
BILLOWING DUST WE SEE
TRAVIS AND THEN SERVALAN
EMERGE FROM THE
HOLE.

THE TWO GROUPS
SEE AND RECOGNISE ONE
ANOTHER AT THE SAME
MOMENT)

BLAKE: It's Travis...

(TRAVIS DOESN'T
HESITATE.
HE FIRES AT THEM)

Back that way...come on...

(THE OTHERS NEED
NO URGING.
THEY FLEE BACK THE
WAY THEY HAVE COME.

TRAVIS AND SERVALAN
TAKE A FEW MOMENTS
TO GET CLEAR OF THE
DEBRIS, THEN
MOVE IN PURSUIT)

18. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

(BLAKE, CALLY
AND ENSOR HURRY IN
THROUGH THE
ARCHWAY)

BLAKE: (SNAPS) Weapons?

ENSOR: There are no weapons here...
I disapprove of weapons...

BLAKE: So do I but I disapprove
of being killed even more.

CALLY: Is there another way out
of here?

ENSOR: No...Well...there is...We
could get into the tunnels of the
old city...but it's not safe...

CALLY: Safer than here. Show us...

(ENSOR LEADS A
WAY THROUGH THE PLANTS
TO A WALL IN WHICH
IS SET A HEAVY
IRON DOOR THAT
IS WELL SECURED)

BLAKE: Get it open...

(THEY GO TO WORK
ON THE DOOR)

19. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(TRAVIS AND
SERVALAN ADVANCING
GUARDELY ALONG
THE CORRIDOR.

THEY REACH THE
ARCHWAY. BOTH BRACE
THEMSELVES AND
PREPARE THEIR
WEAPONS)

TRAVIS. Ready?

(SERVALAN NODS.

THEY STEP FORWARD
QUICKLY THROUGH
THE ARCH)

20. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

(TRAVIS AND
SERVALAN "APPEAR"
THROUGH THE ARCH WITH
THEIR GUNS BLAZING.
THE ROOM ECHOES WITH
THE CONTINUOUS STREAM
OF FIRE.

THE PLANTS ARE
MOWN DOWN IN
HAIL OF FIRE. THERE
ARE EXPLOSIONS ALL
AROUND THE ROOM.
NOTHING COULD LIVE
THROUGH THE BARRAGE.

AS THE FIRING
CEASES, THE COUPLE
STARE AROUND THROUGH
THE SMOKE.

THEY SEE THE OPEN
IRON DOOR, AND RUN
TO IT)

SERVALAN: They're escaping. Get
after them...

TRAVIS: Wait. Let me see the map.
(cont...)

(SERVALAN HANDS
HIM THE FOLDED MAP.

TRAVIS SPREADS IT
OUT AND EXAMINES IT.
HE POINTS TO VARIOUS
FEATURES)

TRAVIS: (cont) We're...here...
To reach a surface exit, they have
to follow...this tunnel...It's a
long way.

SERVALAN: So?

TRAVIS: So if we went back in the
way we came, we could reach an
exit ahead of them...We could be on
the surface first...

(SERVALAN NODS
AND SMILES)

SERVALAN: And be waiting for them.

TRAVIS: Come on.

SERVALAN: In a moment.

(SHE STARTS TO
CLOSE THE IRON DOOR)

Let's be certain they have no way
of getting back first.

(BETWEEN THEM
THEY CLOSE AND
SECURE THE DOOR)

TELECINE 7:

Int. Stone Tunnels.
Complex. Day.

ENSOR, CALLY and
BLAKE are approaching
along a section of
tunnel.

TWO PHIBIANS slither
away into the shadows.

The GROUP move on
with BLAKE casting
continual glances
behind them. Their speed
is hampered by the
cumbersome weight of
Orac. They halt for a
moment to catch their
breath.

CALLY: How much further?

ENSOR: Some way yet...

CALLY: We must move faster...They
could be close behind us.

BLAKE: And without weapons we
won't stand a chance...Look, you two
keep going. I'm going to see if I
can bring the roof down. Block them
off.

He starts examining
the stones of the walls
and roof.

CALLY: It would be better if we
stayed together...

BLAKE: Just do as I say, Cally.

CALLY nods.

With ENSOR carrying
the other side of
Orac they move off
down the tunnel.

Gingerly, BLAKE pulls
another stone free. A
trickle of sand starts down
from the roof.

END TELECINE 7:

TELECINE 7: (M)

Ext. Liberator in
Space. Night.

ESTABLISH the motion-
less liberator.

21. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT
SECTION. NIGHT.

(AVON IS ALMOST
NODDING OFF.

JENNA IS IN A
FITFUL SLEEP.

GAN IS SEMI-CONSCIOUS.

AVON SHAKES HIMSELF
INTO ALERTNESS.
HE CHECKS HIS WATCH.
REACTS WITH SOME
ALARM.

HE PRESSES A
COMMUNICATOR BUTTON)

AVON: Vila?

VILA: (V.O.) What is it?

AVON: How do you feel?

VILA: (V.O.) You woke me up to
ask me how I feel?

AVON: Can you walk?

VILA: Why should I want to?

AVON: Come to the teleport.

(HE BREAKS THE
CONNECTION)

JENNA: (WAKING) What is it?
What's the matter...

AVON: Cally and Blake..They've
been down too long...They must have
run into trouble...See if you
can wake Gan up.

(AVON LEAVES IN
THE DIRECTION OF
THE FLIGHT DECK.

JENNA MOVES TO GAN
AND SHAKES HIM)

(ONTO PAGE 86)

JENNA: Gan. Come on Gan wake up.

GAN: (DREAMING) No leave her
alone. (WAKES) What? What's
wrong Jenna?

JENNA: Something's happened to Blake
and Cally.

(VILA ENTERS
LOOKING
SOMEWHAT THE
WORSE FOR WEAR
BUT BETTER THAN
THE OTHER TWO)

VILA: Where is he?

JENNA: We don't know.

VILA: He woke me up.

GAN: Blake woke you up?

VILA: Avon!

(AVON ENTERS
CARRYING GUNS)

AVON: Yes?

(HE TOSSES
A GUN TO
VILA)

VILA: What's this for?

AVON: You and I are going down to
the surface....get it on....

VILA: Are you out of your mind?
I'm finding it hard enough just to
stay on my feet.

AVON: (SNAPS) Then crawl. Get
it on...

(VILA STARTS
STRAPPING ON
THE GUN)

Can....You stay with Jenna. Make
sure one of you stays conscious long
enough to get us back up...

JENNA: Avon...listen to me...There's
nothing you can....

AVON: I'm not just going to sit
here and die Jenna.

(AVON STRAPS ON
A GUN AND CHECKS
IT)

Get ready to put us down.

TELECINE 8.

Int. Stone Tunnels
Complex. Day.

CALLY and ENSOR
labouring their
way along the
tunnel lugging
ORAC between them.

ENSOR is showing
signs of strain.
Panting heavily.

ENSOR: Wait...wait a minute....I
have to rest.

THEY set ORAC
down and ENSOR
sits with his
back against the
tunnel wall.

CALLY looks
anxiously back
the way they
have come.

We hear the
slithering
sounds of the
Phibians from
the darkness.

CALLY: What's that?

ENSOR: There are creatures that
live down here...

CALLY: Are they dangerous?

ENSOR: I don't think they'll harm
us....

CALLY stares around
at the darkness, her
nervousness increasing.

BLAKE trying to block
the tunnel. He pulls
clear another stone.

CALLY and ENSOR.
CALLY very tense.
The slithering
sounds all around
her. In the distance
the sound of a roof
fall. Then silence
and the slithering
begins again.

CALLY: He may be in trouble. Should
I go back do you think? Will you
be alright here?

She glances at ENSOR.
He sits with his back
against the wall. His
head slumped forward.

CALLY moves to him
swiftly. As she
touches his shoulder,
he keels over and
lies still.

She makes a quick
check on heart or
pulse. As she
straightens up, it
is quite evident from
her expression that
he is dead.

CALLY: (SOFTLY) I am sorry....a
little longer and we might have
saved you...

She slowly moves away
from the body, moved
by ENSOR'S death.

With alarming suddenness
a Phibian drops down
from above CALLY. It
carries her to the
ground, enveloping
her in its wing-like
membrane.

The attack is too
sudden for CALLY to
even cry out.
She is virtually
invisible beneath
the Phibian.

There is little
movement, suggesting
that she is unable to
struggle. The very
silence of the attack
should be part of its
terror.

BLAKE'S boot lashes
into frame and kicks the
Phibian aside. BLAKE
follows up his attack
with a rock and kills
the Phibian.

CALLY gets to her feet.
Both she and BLAKE now
stretched to their limits.

CALLY: Ensor is dead...

BLAKE gives no more
than a brief look.
He nods wearily and
moves to ORAC.

BLAKE: Let's get out of here....

Carrying ORAC they
start away. They
have not gone more
than a few yards
when CALLY points.

CALLY: Look!....

THEY both respond to
a gleam of daylight ahead
of them.

Ext. Sandhills. Day.

At the point where
TRAVIS and SERVALAN
entered the tunnels.
We see them emerge
from behind the large
paving slab. They
quickly make off to
climb to the top of the
nearest dune.

CALLY and BLAKE appear
around the side of a
dune. They halt and
set ORAC down.

BLAKE: Call Liberator....

CALLY puts her
communicator to her
mouth and presses
the control.

Before she can speak
the sand near her feet
erupts in an explosion.

TRAVIS and SERVALAN
are standing on the
brow of the sand dune.

TRAVIS: Stand where you are. Both
of you!

Defenceless, BLAKE
and CALLY make a
gesture of surrender.

TRAVIS: Blake.

TRAVIS aims his
gun ahead.

SERVALAN: Wait!

TRAVIS: I've waited too long.

SERVALAN: He's a bonus Travis.
Orac is the prize.

TRAVIS does not lower
the gun or take his
eyes off BLAKE but he
waits.

TRAVIS and SERVALAN
moves in.

SERVALAN: Where is Ensor?

BLAKE: He's dead.

SERVALAN: (CASUALLY) It was to be
expected. He survived longer than
we thought was possible....

SERVALAN looks
over ORAC.

SERVALAN: And this is what we came
for...Orac...If it does only half of
what was promised it will give the
Federation greater power than it's
ever known...

CALLY: What are you going to do?

TRAVIS: What do you think I'm
going to do Blake?

BLAKE: I think you're going to
kill me Travis. With or without
orders from the Supreme Commander.

SERVALAN: With orders, Blake.
Alright Travis. Get it over with.

Gloatingly, TRAVIS aims at BLAKE and prepares to fire.

There is a loud explosive report.

TRAVIS gun hand is blown off, leaving a tangle of wires and components hanging from his sleeve.

SERVALAN whirls round. AVON and VILA are standing a few yards off. She throws down her gun.

AVON and VILA advance.

VILA takes SERVALAN'S gun and flings it away.

BLAKE: Good shot.

AVON: I was aiming for his head. You took your time getting here.

CALLY: There were a few minor problems.

VILA: Did you get the de-contaminants?

CALLY pats her pocket.

CALLY: We got them.

BLAKE nods to VILA.

BLAKE: Tell them to bring us up.

VILA uses his communicator.

CALLY and BLAKE each hold a side of ORAC.

BLAKE gives his attention to TRAVIS and SERVALAN.

VILA murmurs the orders into his communicator.

TRAVIS: What are you waiting for... go ahead...Kill us....

BLAKE: (SMILES) I have something better in mind. We'll get word to Federation Headquarters...tell them that you let us take Orac....

TRAVIS and SERVALAN react.

BLAKE: I'm sure they'll be fascinated by your explanation...

SERVALAN: Blake....wait....

But it is already too late. The FOUR from the Liberator dematerialise.

SERVALAN: You're in a lot of trouble Travis.

TRAVIS: I thought I might be.

SERVALAN turns and starts to stalk away across the sand.

TRAVIS, a beaten man, follows her.

END TELECINE 8.

TELECINE 8 (M)

Ext. Liberator in Space
Night.

45. INT. OPERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

EVERYBODY IS ON
DECK. ALL APPEAR
TO BE MUCH RECOVERED.

THEY ARE LOOKING
OVER ORAC.

CALLY GIVES A
PILL TO GAN)

CALLY: You did not take your last
~~8/17/77~~....

CALLY: Thanks Cally but I don't need
~~IT~~ I feel much better now.

CALLY: We went to a lot of trouble
~~to~~ get those...take it.

RELUCTANTLY
GAN TAKES
THE PILL)

GAN: They tast foul.

VILLAN: They wouldn't do you any good
~~if~~ they didn't.

AVON IS HOLDING
THE ACTIVATING
DEVICE THAT
STARTS ORAC)

AVON: You want to give it a try?

BLAKIN: Why not....?

(THE OTHER MEMBERS
OF THE CREW GATHER
AROUND AS AVON
PRESSES THE BUTTON
THAT ACTIVATES
ORAC.

THE INSTRUMENT
GLOWS WITH LIFE)

JENNA: So far so good....you've got
him switched on....

(WHEN ORAC ANSWERS
IT IS WITH THE VOICE
AND PERSONALITY OF
HIS CREATOR, ENSOR.

THERE IS ONLY A
SLIGHT MECHANICAL
TINGE TO DISTINGUISH
IT FROM THE MAN HIM-
SELF)

ORAC: Of course I am 'switched on'
as you call it. Having depressed the
activator button, what else would
you expect?

(THE SNAPPY ILL
TEMPER IS IN THE
VOICE. THE SAME
IRASCIBLE QUALITY.

BOTH BLAKE AND CALLY
REACT)

CALLY: It is his voice.

BLAKE: Exactly as though Ensor
were speaking.

ORAC: Surely it is obvious even to
the meanest intelligence that during
my development I would naturally
become endowed with certain aspects
of my creator's personality...

AVON: The more endearing aspects by the sound of it.

ORAC: Possibly. However similarities between myself and Ensor are entirely superficial. My mental capacity is infinitely greater.

JENNA: Modest isn't he?

ORAC: My intellectual capacity is far in advance of all others, therefore modesty would be dishonest.

VILA: I think I've heard enough. I don't like him. Orac, be a good portable junk pile and shut up.

ORAC: Define the words 'shut-up'. There are a number of interpretation It can be taken to mean....

BLAKE: (INTERJECTING) Stop talking Be silent. Do not speak. Shut up.

ORAC: That is better. Our relationship will be best served if your statements are precise and free of ambiguity.

CALLY: I agree with Vila.

GAN: So do I. Switch him off and let's get back to work.

BLAKE: No....wait...We might as well find out what he's capable of. Orac...what are your limits?

ORAC: If I have limitations, then they have not yet been defined. My knowledge is infinite. My secondary ability is to logically process that knowledge and make accurate predicitons.

JENNA: Are you saying you can see into the future?

ORAC: The words future, present, past, and time are meaningless. I do have the capacity to predict events that have not yet taken place.....

AVON: Don't we all.

ORAC: With total accuracy.

AVON: I think not.

BLAKE: Could we have a demonstration. Could you predict an event let's see. something concerning us...and this ship?

ORAC: That is possible.

JENNA: Go on then. Show us.

(ORAC TICKS AND
CLICKS. THE
SCANNER SCREEN
LIGHTS UP)

ORAC: I will project an image on to your scanner screen....

(THE FLASHING ON
THE SCREEN STOPS
AND A PICTURE
FORMS. IT SHOWS
THE LIBERATOR
HANGING IN SPACE)

VILA: It's Liberator alright.

GAN: That's us...

(THEY WATCH FOR A
MOMENT MORE.
SLIGHTLY
DISAPPOINTED
THAT NOTHING IS
HAPPENING)

BLAKE: That's not much of a
prediction. We're just travelling
through space.

ORAC: It is not a prediction. It
is an immutable certainty.

(THE IMAGE OF THE
LIBERATOR ON
THE SCREEN SUDDENLY
BLOWS UP IN THE
MOST SPECTACULAR
FASHION)

EVERYONE REACTS)

VILA: We blew up. You're not
given to practical jokes are you?
Because that wasn't funny!

BLAKE: How soon is that supposed
to happen?

ORAC: The event is not long
distant.

AVON: Be more specific.

(ORAC CLICKS)

ORAC: The event will happen in
forty-five seconds.

GAN: Forty-five seconds??

AVON: That's ridiculous!

BLAKE: Zen. Systems status.

ZEN: All systems are functioning normally.

ORAC: Thirty seconds.

(JENNA RUNS TO CHECK
HER INSTRUMENTS)

CALLY: Orac is just a machine.

VILA: A stupid machine. I hope.

BLAKE: Jenna?

JENNA: Everything's normal.

AVON: Orac is wrong.

ORAC: Fifteen seconds.

VILA: Sounds very sure of himself.

ORAC: Ten seconds.

(ORAC NOW COUNTS DOWN
AND WE CUT BETWEEN THE
FACES OF THE CREW AS
IT PROGRESSES, ENDING
ON BIG CLOSE-UP OF
BLAKE AS ORAC REACHES
ONE. CUT TO LEAN
TELECINE OF EXPLOSION